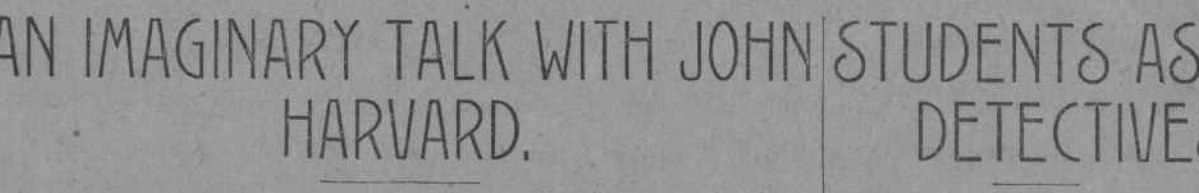


A black and white illustration of a boy sitting on a large rock, looking down at a small object in his hand. The rock is part of a larger formation with a cave-like opening. The background is dark and textured.



A FEW nights ago an elderly gentleman, while crossing the campus in Cambridge, and thinking with fond regret of the days when he had lived and studied there as a member of the class of 1848, was aroused from his memory by a voice of one who seemed to be calling upon standing on. Do you know anything about this bit of earth?"

"Why, certainly," cried the elderly man briskly, and his voice seemed to grow young at the recollection. "When I was here fifty years ago this was the Delta, where the freshmen and the sophomores

Harvard Juniors Hu
Down One of Their Ow
N. E. A. P. D. E.

I've got a kick to make about the way I've been treated since I came here. By the way, it's dry work sitting here all by myself, and if you've got a flask about you—thank you, that tastes good—and, by the way, that's the first time that anybody's set anything up around here since they set me up in 1880, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college. Dan French is responsible for me, and if he'd made me bellow instead of solid, as he did, my life would have been one long stomach ache from then to now."

"Well, what have you got to kick about?" demanded the graduate, as he stood leaning against a tree, looking suspiciously at the talking statue, and evidently ready for immediate flight should occasion require it.

"I'm telling you. It's about the way I've been treated, and if you've ever been dry for eleven years on a stretch you'll know how it feels. But that's not all. Do you know what happened to me just before I was unveiled?"

"I do," rejoined the elderly one, "for my son told me about it. He had the rest of the year on his hands at home, and I've often heard him speak of it when in conversation with young people of his own age, thought it was a rather painful subject for his mother and myself."

"Well, they pried so many things in my lap that I've never been able to get up since. And I'll bet that no philanthropist or gentleman interested in educational matters has ever in the world carried such a load of curiosities and bric-a-brac as I did while I was waiting for them to pull that big sheet away from over me. Another time they got some old hoop skirts and draped me, and on another occasion I was decorated with ribbons and garlands, as if I'd been the Queen of the May. Why, do you know, that the odors from Memorial Hall have been so bad of late years that I've had to sit with my back to it for fear of being sickened, and I swear I believe that this is haunted ground that we're

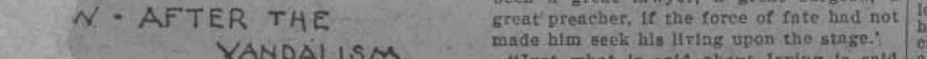
MAD MAGAZINE WRITERS.

Their Work Furnishes Valuable Hints to
the Physicians in Charge
of Them.

The plan of permitting inmates of insane asylums to devote their disordered mental energies to the publication of a magazine has been tried with considerable success in England.

Some of the physicians declare that in many instances they have been indebted to the lucubrations of their patients for valuable hints as to the best way of treating them. One demented person, for example, obstinately refused to take any food, and with equally invincible stubbornness declined to furnish any reason for his refusal. There was no difficulty, however, in persuading him to commit his thoughts to paper. This is what the hitherto intractable monomaniac wrote: "I desire to be buried as quickly as possible. It is a monstrous scandal that I should be compelled to drag about all over this house a dead and putrefying corpse." As soon as the bent of the patient's weak-mindedness was thus brought to light he received a proper treatment, and is said to have eventually recovered.

A French commentator selects the New Moon, which he justly regards as very appropriately named. For especial commendation, but he omits to say where this journalistic luminary rises. He quotes from it the following passage, which shows, at all events, that a sense of humor is compatible with insanity: "Wanted for a throne, which it would be indiscreet to specify at present, an Emperor or King who is thoroughly conversant with the business. It is quite useless for the Czar of Russia to reply to this advertisement."



"Don't anchor yourself to the centre of the stage, even if you happen to be a star; stand where you would and as you would were you in an actual and not a mimic scene. This, remember above all. You can't be an actor unless you enjoy music and can make love—and I might add, also, you can't be much of anything in this life, neither, except a failure."

"That nebulous quality—or quantity, which is it?—that we call atmosphere is absolutely essential to the success of a play which appeals to persons of intelligence and of refinement. Without it, much of the power, the pathos and the pleasure of the performance is lost."

"Now, I'll give you another pretty little thing from my book: 'On my way from San Francisco to Australia, the steamer stopped at Samoa. I had known Robert Louis Stevenson in life, and I paid a visit of regret and of respect to his widow and to his grave. Away up on the mountain side, its entrance way facing the silent sea, the pretty cottage home which he had selected as the place where he would die. It is a beautiful spot. All about it is prolific vegetation, and, as one leaf dies, a dozen others blossom into beautiful life. Mrs. Stevenson welcomed me warmly. I asked her if she did not, at times, feel lonely. Gracefully waving her hands, she said that they encompassed the horizon, she said: 'No, why should I be? There are books, there are birds, there are flowers, there are friends all about me. And, more than all, he is here.'"

"The tomb of the dead novelist is several hundred feet further up the mountain than is the cottage. A more beautiful place to live, a more peaceful place to die could not have been chosen. In the gloom of the short zig-zag ascending roadway, the bright lights of the greatest world painter known to modern romance went out in pain and anguish, softened and softened by the tears of his loving wife and the knowledge that, behind him, were friends who, with loving care, will keep ever green his reputation."

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The committee was unsuccessful for a few days. Clews led everywhere except to the statue. Finally it was observed that the coat of a certain special student had a red spot on it. This evidence followed, more was added, till the committee felt strong enough to accuse the man. He confessed and was blantly asked to leave college. It is probable that the other men will follow. Thus the student took the law into their own hands and succeeded where the faculty might have failed.

This is not the first time that the statue has been painted. When in '01 Harvard won a grand football victory over Yale a few students got together and painted the statue black a vivid crimson. The face of John Harvard looked like that of the red man he was trying to educate. G. C. bitches were put on the cloak and wherever the celebrators could reach. On the pedestal the victorious scores were painted. Even the steps of Memorial Hall came in for their share of red paint and in big two foot letters that forwarded legend consigning Yale to a warmer if not more pleasant place was neatly emblazoned. The indignation of the time was very great and it is certain that had the men who recently painted the statue been in college in '01 the would never have dared to repeat the performance.

The paint was easily removed from bronze, but it soaked into the granite and the pedestal had to be chipped in order to remove all traces. It was hoped this year that as the deed was discovered as soon as it was done, the big plasters of lime applied would draw out the paint, and so avoid chipping, but it now seems that the process will have to be repeated.